Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſweare perfect loue.
Riu. And I as I loue Haſtings with my heart.
Kin. Madame, your ſelfe are not exempt in this,
Nor your ſonne Dorſet, Buckingham, nor you,
You haue been factious one againſt the other:
Wife, loue Lord Haſtings, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you doe, do it vnfainedly.
Qu. Here Haſtings, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, ſo thriue I and mine.
Dor. Thus enterchange of loue, I here proteſt,
Vpon my part ſhall be vnuiolable.
Ha. And ſo ſweare I my Lord.
Kin. Now princely Buckingham ſeale thou this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me happie in your vnitie.
Buc. When euer Buckingham doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh me
With hate, in thoſe where I expect moſt loue,
When I haue moſt need to imploy a friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a friend,
Deepe, hollow, trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me. This doe I begge of God,
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
Kin. A pleaſing cordiall princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vowe vnto my ſickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother Gloſter here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloceſter.

Buc. And in good time here comes the noble Duke,
Glo. Good morrow to my ſoueraigne King and Queene,
And princely peeres, a happie time of day.
Kin. Happie indeed, as we haue ſpent the day.
Brother we haue done deedes of charitie:
Made peace of enmitie, faire loue of hate,
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong incenſed Peeres.
Glo. A bleſſed labour moſt ſoueraigne liege,
Amongſt this princely heape, if any here
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,

Hold

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or
Haue ought committed that is h
By any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his friendly
Tis death to me to be at enmitie.
I hate it, and deſire all good me
First Madame, I intreate peace.
Which I purchaſe with my dutie
Of you my noble couſen Buckin
If euer any grudge were lod'gd b
Of you my Lord Riuers, and Lo
That all without deſert haue fro
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen
I do not know that Engliſh man
With whome my ſoule is any io
More then the infant that is bor
I thanke my God for my humil
Qu. A holy day ſhall this be k
I would to God all ſtrifes were w
My ſoueraigne liege I do beſeec
To take our brother Clarence t
Glo. Why Madame, haue I of
To be thus ſcornde in this royal
Who knowes not that the noble
You doe him iniurie to ſcorne h
Ri. Who knowes not he is de
Qu. All ſeeing heauen, what a
Buc. Looke I ſo pale Lord D
Dor I my good Lord, and no
But his red colour hath forſook
Kin. Is Clarence dead? the or
Glo. But he (poore ſoule) by y
And that a winged Mercury di
Some tardie cripple bore the co
That came too lagge to ſee him
God graunt that ſome leſſe no
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but
Deſerue not worſe then wretch
And yet goe currant from ſuſp

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